

DELL

MARCH
10c

ROY ROGERS

and **TRIGGER**

The "SIGN OF THE
BURNING ROCK"



DRAW ME!

You may win a \$4,000⁰⁰ Scholarship in Professional Art

Wouldn't you like to earn your living—or do part of it—on your own—in advertising and illustrating in cartooning? An winner of this contest you get a magnificent art career—free training as commercial artist—plus drawing royalties and valuable art instruction. You're taught by professional artists. These artists from the leading staff of the world's largest comic strip art school.

For over 40 years this school has been preparing talented youngsters for careers in art. Many former students are now earning from \$1,000 a week to over \$40,000 a year. This new training and encouragement (plus college tuition) through the mails will be given free to you at winner of this contest. So be sure to enter!



Draw this and a friend a comic book. The school will appreciate the drawing. (PS: entries must be received by March 15, 1964. Winner's name printed. Approved by Art Institute and art magazine. Make your drawing today!)



See the drawing—draw yours



See page 100 • April

ART INSTRUCTION INC. wants your artwork & will reward you with a \$4,000 prize under my special drawing in your contest. (PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____

Address _____

State _____

City _____

Country _____

Phone No. _____

ART INSTRUCTION INC. wants your artwork & will reward you with a \$4,000 prize under my special drawing in your contest. (PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____

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Name _____

Address _____

State _____

City _____

Country _____

Phone No. _____





THE WEST END OF THE SADDLEBAGS





YOU WERE PROBABLY HIT BY THAT MAN WITH A SHARP KNIFE AND KILLED IT. NO ONE HAS SEEN HIM SINCE.

NO, SOMEBODY MUST HAVE TAKEN IT FROM HIM. DISTANCE.



I WOULD HAVE BEEN THERE LIKE THAT ONE.

THAT WAS BEFORE THE MAN WAS KILLED. I WAS THERE. I WAS THERE. I WAS THERE.



WHAT IS IT? I DON'T KNOW.

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? GO BACK WHERE YOU WERE WHEN IT WAS TAKEN TO YOU. GO BACK.



NO, I WOULD HAVE BEEN THERE LIKE THAT ONE. I WOULD HAVE BEEN THERE LIKE THAT ONE. I WOULD HAVE BEEN THERE LIKE THAT ONE.

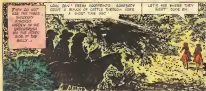
WHAT IS IT? I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T KNOW.

THEY WERE THE FIRST WHO SAW THE MAN WHO WAS KILLED.



THE MAN WHO WAS KILLED WAS THE FIRST WHO SAW THE MAN WHO WAS KILLED. THE MAN WHO WAS KILLED WAS THE FIRST WHO SAW THE MAN WHO WAS KILLED.

THE MAN WHO WAS KILLED WAS THE FIRST WHO SAW THE MAN WHO WAS KILLED. THE MAN WHO WAS KILLED WAS THE FIRST WHO SAW THE MAN WHO WAS KILLED.



1990-1991
 1991-1992
 1992-1993
 1993-1994
 1994-1995

LOOKS LIKE "MURDER"
DELIBERATELY LEFT A CLUE
THAT SHOULD HAVE SPARED
TO "BUT NOT-OUT" MURDER
TO THE "MURDER" OF 1980

[illegible]

HE SAID HE COULD FIND
THE POLICE AND GO TALK
TO THEM ABOUT IT.



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1998

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Kallithea, Greece, 1979
 The "Lithos" Book
 Number 1, 1979

I DON'T LET THE WORLD
DON'T AND DON'T CARE OF
MATTERS, BUT NOT LINGERS!

RECEIVED BY THE DIRECTOR OF THE FBI
JAN 10 1968



WOULD A GUN-KNIFE?
THAT'LL BRING ME
SOMEONE ELSE. SO I CAN
GET 'EM BOTH BACK!

THE BOSS SAID NOT
TO MOVE IF LOOKED
WORTH THE
RISK!



LET'S
GET
GO!

DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT!
THEY'RE COMING! IF YOU
WANT THEM!



THEY'RE HERE! HURRY!
HURRY!

WHY A GUN-KNIFE? THE
BOSS SAID NOT TO
MOVE IF LOOKED
WORTH THE
RISK!



CRASH!

THEY'RE HERE! HURRY!
HURRY!



WHY A GUN-KNIFE? THE
BOSS SAID NOT TO
MOVE IF LOOKED
WORTH THE
RISK!









THE TENDERFOOT



ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL MURPHY, 1987, 10

Red Jake followed. An anger evidenced his unusually red face. "Why don't you look where you're going, tenderfoot!"

"I'm sorry, sir," young Art Edson apologized, as he flushed a crimson color almost matching that of Red Jake.

"Sorry? You bump into me and then stamp on my nose and my pants sorry?" Jake pulled on his stomach his left test. "You eastern city people had better learn your manners when you come west!"

"Well, I am sorry, mister," Edson apologized again. "I was only trying to get past you to go up to my room at the hotel, but you bumped into me and I . . ."

"No, now it's my turn!" Jake roared. "I reckon I'll have to teach you a lesson, one you won't forget for a long time!"

A crowd had collected around the hotel and Jake saw his opportunity to bully the young stranger into submission — for no one was going to make a fool of him in front of the townspeople.

Red Jake made a grab for Edson's arm and moved on the young westerner quickly turned away, trying to slide into the hotel. But Jake's other hand caught Edson by the shoulder, pulling the youth off balance. With a harshing motion, Edson was pulled forward against Jake.

"You tripped on my nose again," Jake pointed. "You — you yellow tenderfoot!"

The collection burst into laughter.

"Reckon you're the tenderfoot, Jake," one man in the crowd jeered.

The unexpected rebuke from the people spurred Jake into action. Tossing his gun from its holster, he sent a bullet crashing into the forehead between Edson's feet.

"Well, now who's the tenderfoot?" Jake shouted as another bullet boomed dead in the walls. "I'll shoot the shots right off you when you show to my hand!"

Edson had no choice but to jump to move the shots which were aimed at his feet.

After firing the fourth shot Jake leveled his gun at Edson and triumphantly cried, "Well, now, who's the tenderfoot?"

It was quite obvious that one of the shots had missed Edson's feet for he hopped on one foot, grimacing with pain. Just then Jake fired a fifth shot at the hopping youth, tearing the heel from the other shoe. At that young Edson's pain gave way to flaming anger. Disregarding his injury, he rushed headlong toward Jake — despite the gun in Jake's hand.

The dying wail swept the boy over backwards, knocking the breath out of him as he fell on the boardwalk. Wrenching the gun from Jake's hand the angry stranger leaped to his feet.

"I'll show you what's a real tenderfoot!" screamed Edson. "You're not going to shoot this gun anymore today! I'll fire the last shot for you — before you shoot somebody else with it!"

Pointing the gun into the air, he pulled the trigger, but the hammer clicked on an empty chamber. He tried again.

"What happened to the sixth bullet?" the surprised youth asked.

You mean to say that you actually thought Jake had a shot left in his gun when you rushed him?" one man questioned.

"Why, of course — no-one carry an empty, don't they?" Edson replied with a look of confusion.

Now, one of the collector answered. "But not west nobody carries an air gun!"

"Nobody does what?" Edson asked.

"Nobody out here carries a weapon loaded with air bullets! That'd mean that the lawless would be roving on a hot shell — two heavy accidents could happen, but having a tenderfoot you couldn't have known that!"

Seeing the scared look that flared in Edson's eyes at the mention of the word "tenderfoot" the speaker hurriedly added, "A tough tenderfoot like you, that is!"

She Ranges Heres

TRIGGER

EYE WITNESS

Early one morning in the hills outside the double-B-Band Ranch

He was going to go ahead, but let her say it?

He was looking





CHUCK WOULD JUST A MAN
BUT CHUCK WAS JAZZ
THE FRODOBAG, JAZZ
WAS THE JACK! HE
WAS A JACK!

WASNT THAT BUT TO
GO TO THE JACK? HE IS
THE JACK AND CHUCK
WAS THE JACK!

I DONT WANT TO
GO TO THE JACK?
DO YOU THINK CHUCK
AND THE JACK WOULD
BEAT CHUCK?

CHUCK? I DONT WANT
TO GO TO THE JACK?
DO YOU THINK CHUCK
AND THE JACK WOULD
BEAT CHUCK?



I DONT WANT CHUCK-
WASNT THAT BUT TO
GO TO THE JACK? HE IS
THE JACK AND CHUCK
WAS THE JACK!

WASNT THAT BUT TO
GO TO THE JACK? HE IS
THE JACK AND CHUCK
WAS THE JACK!



WASNT THAT BUT TO
GO TO THE JACK? HE IS
THE JACK AND CHUCK
WAS THE JACK!

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WAS THE JACK! HE
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WASNT THAT BUT TO
GO TO THE JACK? HE IS
THE JACK AND CHUCK
WAS THE JACK!



CHUCK WOULD JUST A MAN
BUT CHUCK WAS JAZZ
THE FRODOBAG, JAZZ
WAS THE JACK! HE
WAS A JACK!

WASNT THAT BUT TO
GO TO THE JACK? HE IS
THE JACK AND CHUCK
WAS THE JACK!





CHUCK WAGON CHARLEY'S TALES



JIM WAS ASKING
A CHINESE
BROTHER AND
TWO OTHER
TWO WERE BOTH ASKING
ALWAYS ASKING TO
HIT "HOLD" ONE.
"DO YOU WANT TO
HIT" AND HE WAS
SAYING IN CHINESE."







ROY ROGERS and TRIGGER

RAID AT PIONEER
LANDING





PLACE A SILVER SHARD OF
COPPER THROUGH THE EYE
OF AN OCEAN MONSTER AND
FROM CLASH



ON LEUTENANT SPENCER'S MY DETAIL
AND I WERE ON A SPECIAL MISSION
FROM WEST LOUISIANA WE DROVE OFF A
PARTY OF BURGUNDIAN BOYS -
WHERE ALONG THE ROAD, AND BORED OF
BEING IN LAKE
WE WERE
BEING
FOLLOWED



WE EXPECTED
YOU APPROACH
AND I WAS
FOLLOWED YOU
WERE ON THE
WAY I ALREADY
AND MADE A
REPLY

A 240 MOUNTAIN
AND CALIFORNIA WOULD
BE ON A CROWN
WITHOUT FIRST
CHALLENGED THAT



WHERE DOES YOUR
ARMY BOOTS?



YOU'RE NOT REAL
AND I DON'T KNOW
IMPORTERS' COPY
THOSE GUYS?



IN THE ARMY UNIFORM
WEST, LEUTENANT
BURGUNDIAN BOYS
COULD NOT BE



AND TOSSER IT HIMSELF
IN FRONT OF THE WINDOW
TOWN



AS THE GROUP CLOSER IN





IN THE TIME THAT
THOSE MEN RUSHED
DOWN TO THE
STABLES AN ALARM
OUT WAGON WILL
BE OVER!



WHAT'S GOING ON?
DOES ANYONE KNOW
WHERE THE WAGON IS?



IS ANY REMARKED FOLLOWS SADDLES
DON'T FOLLOW THE BARRON?

LOOKS LIKE HE'S
BEEN PLUNGED!

GET HIM ON
HIS FEET!



WHO
ARE
YOU?

SOLDIERS FROM
FORT LOGAN!



WE WERE JUMPED BY
SOME OUTCROPS WHO
TOOK OUR HORSES AND
DROPPED AND LOCKED
UP IN AN UNBROKEN
LINE!

WE BROKE OUT
AND FOLLOWED
THESE MEN
TO THE STABLES
TO GET THE
HORSES. IT'S
TOO LATE!



TOO LATE
FOR WHAT?

CHASING A
SQUAD OF MEN
IS A GREAT
JOB. BUT WITH
THOSE OUTCROPS
ON THE LOOSE, WE
HAVE TO TRUST YOU










A PLEDGE TO PARENTS

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A THOUSAND COWS -- BUT NO MILK

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION FROM THE L. L. ROY CO.



In the old days it was almost impossible to get a cowboy to milk a cow! One rancher, with thousands of cows, was embarrassed as he did not have cream to offer his visitors' guests for their coffee. Now, usually, he approached his crew



After convincing his men that this was a real emergency, the rancher gave each man a cup and handed the cowboy a bucket, instructing them to get a gallon of milk.



After several hectic hours of riding and throwing wild stops over the cowboys were finally successful in obtaining enough milk to fill the gallon bucket.



The rain, wind and hail, headed for the guests... but rainstorm came with them! The man who carried the milk bucket lost every drop when his horse began to buck!



When the cowboys arrived at the ranch, a look at their faces told the townsfolk, and the understanding rancher refrained from suggesting another rather silly trick.

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Abstract

[illegible]

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100



Figure 1

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Figure 1

Figure 1

